



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

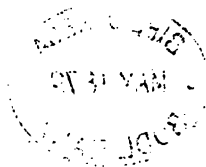
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HYMNS FOR THE
FEASTS



2/8





Hymns for the Feasts,

AND OTHER VERSES.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF "THE DAILY LIFE OF THE CHRISTIAN CHILD,"

"VERSES FOR CHRISTIAN SEASONS," ETC.

EDITED BY

THE REV. W. BRAMLEY-MOORE, M.A.

AUTHOR OF "THE GREAT OBLATION," ETC. ETC.

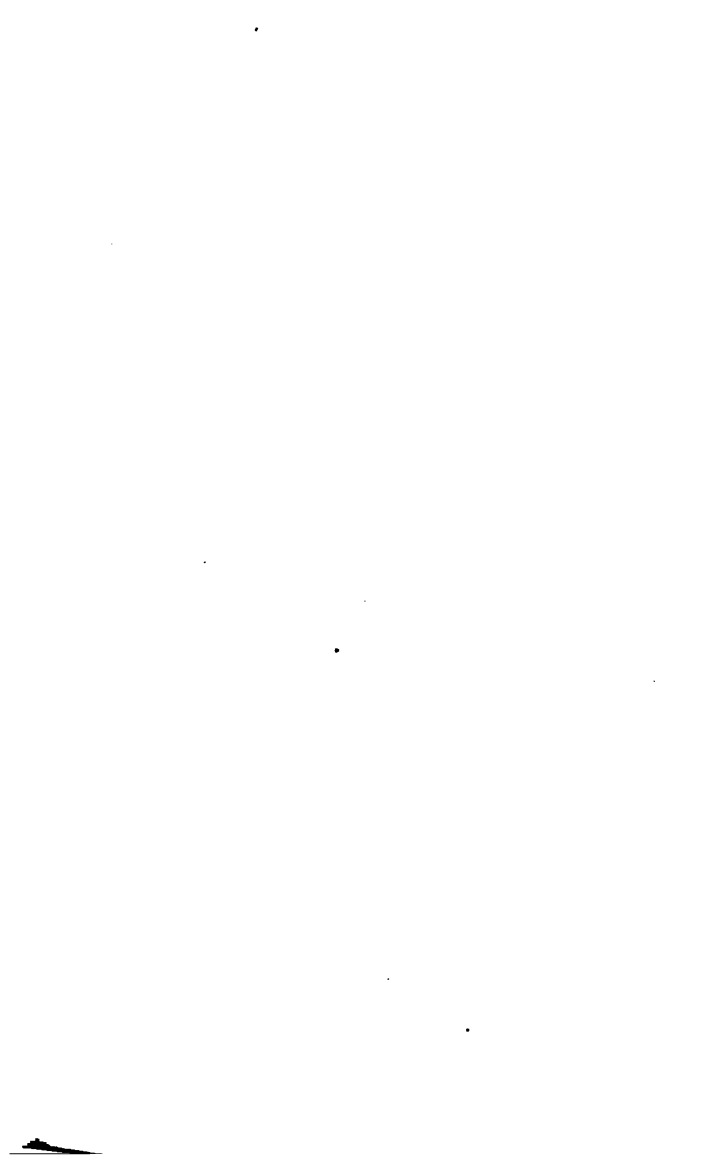


LONDON :

THOMAS BOSWORTH, 198, HIGH HOLBORN.

1878.

147. g. 608.





P R E F A C E.

THE Prophet Zechariah (viii. 19) encourages the Jews by the assurance that all the fasts shall become “days of joy and gladness and cheerful feasts,” and this should be the character of our Church festivals. Assuredly should this be true of the four great cardinal ones—Christmas, Easter, Ascension Day, and Pentecost—when we celebrate the Birth of our Saviour, His Resurrection and Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost. The minor ones, such as the Circumcision, Presentation, &c., all strike the same key. Feasts should be cheerful, as they are times of spiritual and social union. At a feast better fare is provided, and friends are asked to share the same, and the joy that is

in them is often expressed in mirth and song. The voice of song has ever been the natural accompaniment of feasts. The Lord hath His feasts, and will have His never-ending feast in the glory of the Resurrection. The Church hath her feasts, as foretastes of the coming kingdom, and these should be hallowed and familiarized to the spirits and minds of youth.


Verses are a suitable means to impress upon the young the truths which are brought before them, and which should be printed on their memories in a way that cannot be erased. The following verses are an attempt in this direction, and they are commended with all diffidence to the Great Head of the Church for His acceptance and blessing. May our young people, in keeping feasts of joy and gladness, be also acceptable worshippers by following the Prophet's injunction which concludes the verse we have taken as the basis of our preface, "Therefore, love the truth and peace" (Zech. viii. 19).

Easter, 1878.

W. B.-M



CONTENTS.

	Page
 DVENT	1
"	2
"	4
"	7
Christmas Eve	10
Christmas Day	13
" "	16
The Circumcision of Christ	18
The Manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles	19
The Presentation in the Temple	20
The Temptation	22
The Transfiguration	24
Palm Sunday	27
" "	29
Monday in Holy Week	30
Tuesday in Holy Week	32
Wednesday in Holy Week	33
Thursday in Holy Week	35
Good Friday	37
Easter Eve	39
Easter Day	41
" "	42
Ascension Day	45

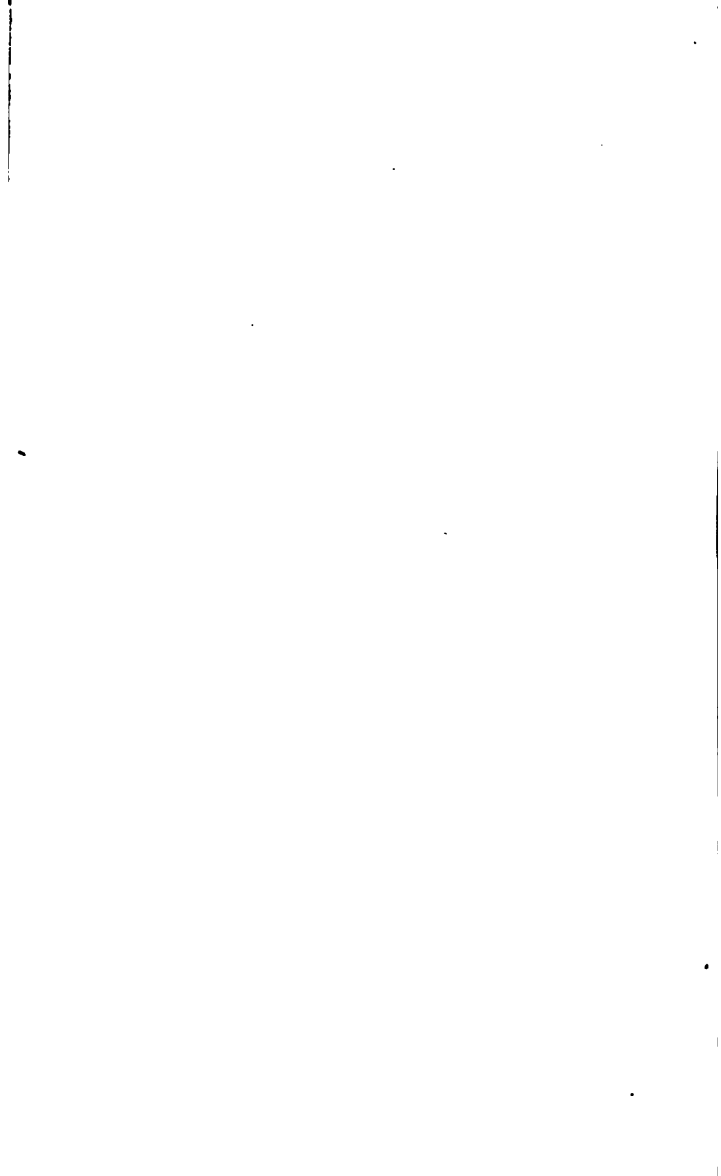
	Page
Ascension Day	47
Ascension-Tide	49
The Eve of Pentecost	50
Pentecost, or Whit Sunday	52
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	54
First Sunday after Pentecost, or Trinity Sunday	56
Commemoration of All Angels	57
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	60
Commemoration of All Saints	62
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	64
" " " " " " " " " " " " " " "	66
The House of God	68
The Ark a Type of Christ	71
Prayer for three Seasons or Ember Days	74
The First Fruits	75
Harvest Festival	77
The Day of Atonement	79
The Feast of Tabernacles	82
The Year of Jubilee	84
Sanctuary Lamps	87
The Unity of the Church	89
The Holy Gospels	91
The Word of God	93
Purity	96
Faith, Hope, Charity	98
Sickness	100
Sorrow	102
Works of Mercy	103
Christ All in All	105
The Threefold Renunciation :—	
The Flesh	107
The World	109
The Devil	111

Contents.

vii

	Page
The Three Graces	113
Holy Communion	114
Spiritual Communion	116
Trust in God	119
Contentment	121
Work for God	122
Holy Water	125
The Whole Burnt-Offering	127
Payment of Tithe	129
Daily Duties	132
The Meeting of the Churches	135







HYMNS FOR THE FEASTS.

ADVENT.

I.

“The night is far spent, the day is at hand ; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness and let us put on the armour of light.”

RISE up, Christian soldiers,
Arm you for the fight ;
Filthy robes cast from you,
Clothe yourselves with light.

Satan loves the darkness,
Ye may scare the foe
By your glancing armour ;
On to victory go !

Hymns for the Feasts.

Let no thought of evil
 Lurk your hearts within,
 Arms would thus be palsied
 In the strife with sin.

Christ doth strength and wisdom
 On His own bestow,
 Strongest foes to vanquish,
 Subtlest foes to know.

Fight, then, Christian soldiers,
 Soon your King will come,
 And with shouts of triumph
 Lead His victors home.

ADVENT.

II.

“ In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judæa, and saying : Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.”



NAZARITE, devoted unto God,
 No razor touched his hair ;
 The prophet's robe of camel's skin
 his dress,
 Locusts his daily fare.

In the drear wilderness, with GOD alone,
The youthful prophet dwelt,
Till the loud cry re-echoed through the land,
Messiah comes ! Repent !

It stirred the Hebrew nation to its depth,
It roused the slumbering breast,
And multitudes, baptized in Jordan's stream,
Their evil deeds confessed.

Nearer and nearer draws Thy kingdom, Lord ;
Give to Thy stewards grace
With burning words to bid the wanderers turn
And seek again Thy face.

Lead them in penitence to own their sins,
And so prepare Thy way,
Then point them to the bleeding Lamb of God,
Who takes all sin away.



ADVENT.

III.

“ And at midnight there was a cry made : Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him.”

BLASTS from the silver trumpets
Give no uncertain sound :
Behold the Bridegroom cometh,
Oh be ye ready found !

The Bride for her espousals
Puts on her jewels rare,
Her bridal raiment glistering,
Herself more pure and fair !

The virgins her companions
Go forth arrayed in white,
Their burning lamps illumine
The darkness of the night.

They bear in earthen vessels
Of oil a rich supply,
Lest, should the Bridegroom linger,
Their lights sink down and die.

But some, alas ! have with them
 No oil of almond¹ brought ;
 Haste ! for the night is waning,
 If yet it may be bought.

See ! torches bright are gleaming,
 Nearer, and yet more near ;
 Hark to the shout of triumph,
 The King ! the King is here !

Joy to the Bride for ever !
 Joy to the virgins there,
 They enter with the Bridegroom,
 And in His gladness share.

At the closed door ariseth,
 A bitter wailing cry :
 " Lord, open, open to us,
 'Tis we who went to buy."

¹ The Hebrew name of the almond tree is derived from a word which signifies to watch, and imports that it keeps its station, being the first that blossoms in the spring, and the last that fades in the autumn.

Slowly the mournful answer
Comes sighing through the gate :
“ The wedding guests are numbered ;
Too late—too late—too late !”



ADVENT.

IV.

"Come, Lord Jesu."

LORD JESUS, come, for we
 Have waited long ;
 Our harps no more are tuned
 For joyful song.

All through the weary night
 We looked for Thee—
 Come with the morning light,
 And set us free.
 Lord Jesu, come.

We heard with joy that Thou
 Wert near at hand,
 And with expectant hearts
 We ready stand.
 Come with Thy mighty arm,
 And break our chain ;
 The exiles long to see
 Their home again.
 Lord Jesu, come.

Hymns for the Feasts.

Soft notes from Paradise
Blend with our prayer,
From waiting souls beneath
Thine altar fair.
How long wilt Thou delay
The judgments due ?
Avenge our cause, oh Lord,
Holy and true.
Lord Jesu, come.

Millions of bodies lie
Beneath the sod,
With each calm face upturn'd
To Heaven and God ;
Doth not the mute appeal
Prevail with Thee ?
And call Thee from the grave,
To set them free ?
Lord Jesu, come.

Why do Thy chariot wheels
So long delay ?
The whole Creation longs
For that bright day

When sin shall be no more,
 And death shall cease,
 And Thou from every ill
 Wilt give release.

Lord Jesu, come.

Oh Blessèd Jesu, come !
 Our cheeks are pale,
 Our eyes with watching dim,
 Our voices fail.
 Yet Hope within our hearts
 Still riseth high,
 And Faith and Love repeat
 The earnest cry,
 Lord Jesu, come.



CHRISTMAS EVE.

“Glory to GOD in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.”



THE sounds of labour in the streets
 Have slowly died away ;
 The stars look down on Bethlehem
 With softer light to-day,
 “All glory be to GOD on high,”
 The burden of their lay.

The people in that city fair
 Are wrapp'd in slumber deep,
 The Angels round a stable mean
 Untiring vigil keep,
 And shepherds in the lonely fields
 Watch warily their sheep.

The Angels form a starry crown
 Around that stable bare ;
 Archangels from their throne descend,
 And bow adoring there,
 While mortals on their couches dream
 Of earthly joy and care.

With rapt attention wondering,
The holy Angels gaze,
Then fill the air with melody,
With glad exulting praise,
As Mary in a manger bed,
Her Holy Infant lays.

Then swiftly to the lonely fields
They take their eager flight,
Before the awe-struck shepherds stands
A messenger of light,
Who tells his joyful tidings, in
The silence of the night.

And suddenly a mighty host
Take up the wondrous strain :
Ascribing glory unto God,
And peace on earth again,
Since Christ hath come to cleanse mankind
From sin's defiling stain.

Then men, and maids, and children all
Join ye the heav'nly throng,
The birthday of your King proclaim,
With bursts of joyous song :

Hymns for the Feasts.

Your carols sing at Matin hour,
Repeat them all day long :

For early in the morning, ere
The day began to dawn,
A wondrous Gift was sent from Heaven,
To bless the earth forlorn :—
Jehovah came to dwell with men,
The Holy Child was born !



CHRISTMAS DAY.

“Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you, ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.”



WHEN God spake, and His Creation
 Into life and beauty sprang,
 Heaven's high courts with shouts re-
 sounded,

Morning stars together sang ;
 Now the Word Incarnate lieth
 In a stable mean and bare,
 Higher swells the Angels' chorus,
 Sweeter music fills the air.

Listen to the wondrous message
 Which an Angel deigns to bring :
 In a manger lies your Maker,
 In a stable seek your King ;
 He who holds the depths of ocean
 In the hollow of His Hands,

Owens a virgin for His mother,
Helpless lies in swaddling bands.

Yet that helpless Babe, Salvation,
Mortals! doth for you obtain;
GOD delighteth to be gracious,
Peace is won for earth again.
Then the Angel host, exulting,
Spread their wings and upward fly;
Hear them singing, Glory, Glory,
Glory be to GOD most High!

Now to Bethlehem we hasten,
Our Incarnate GOD to see,
Lo! His hands in bands are folded;
See! He lies on Mary's knee.
Yet when here His work is ended,
He will sit at GOD's right hand,
And extend His royal sceptre
Over every race and land.

Lord, our hearts are like the stable,
They are desolate and bare;
Wilt Thou condescend to enter,
And take up Thy dwelling there?

Christmas Day.

15

**We with carols soft will greet Thee,
Celebrate Thy birth again.
Singing, To our God be Glory,
Peace on earth, good will to men.**



CHRISTMAS DAY.

“Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same.”



SON of GOD, and Son of Mary,
Thee we worship, Thee we praise,
GOD of GOD from everlasting,
Yet an Infant born of days.

Thou didst take our human nature
Into union blest with Thee,
On the highest throne in glory
God in human form we see.

What is man that Thou dost for him
Shew, dear Lord, such tender care?
In the laver of salvation
Giving us Thy life to share.

Blessed Jesus, so renew us
With Thy Spirit day by day,
That the wondrous gift won for us
Be not by us cast away.

Thy dear children by adoption,
Make us so in heart Thine own
That as Thou dost share Thy Father's,
We may one day share Thy Throne.



THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

“And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcision of the child, His name was called Jesus.”



Y who would, in proud rebellion,
Follow naught but your own way,
Come and view the circumcision
Of the Holy Child to-day.

See Him, without spot and blameless,
At the mandate of the law
Yield His tender flesh unshrinking.
Bow the head, and stand in awe.

Shall the Master be obedient,
And the servant lawless be?
Shall the Lord of all be subject,
And the creature say I'm free?

Kneeling low beside Thy cradle,
Lord, we bend our stubborn will,
Yield unto Thy meek obedience,
And our angry passions still.

Take our hearts and circumcise them,
Henceforth may Thy children be
Subject to Thy will in all things,
Yet in loyal sonship free.

THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST
TO THE GENTILES.

“They saw the young child with Mary His mother.”



OD would teach His ancient people
Through their records old ;
But He brought by outward tokens,
Gentiles to His fold.

Laden with their precious offerings,
Come they from afar,
Cheer'd and guided on their journey
By the moving star.

Their long, weary journey ended,
What the sight they see ?
A young Child of wondrous beauty
Throned on Mary's knee.

Not by signs shall we, their children,
 Our blest end attain ;
 By a higher path God leads us,
 Brighter gifts to gain.

When our life of faith is ended,
 What shall meet our sight ?
 GOD, in beatific vision,
 Throned in dazzling light.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

“They brought Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord.”



SEE the lowly Virgin Mother,
 To the Temple wends her way,
 In her arms her First-born bearing,
 Whom she giveth God to-day.

All too poor a lamb to purchase, . . .
 Though she sprang from David's rod,
 Yet while turtle-doves she offers,
 She presents the Lamb of God.

Presentation in the Temple.

21

Simeon, to the Temple guided,
Anna, learning there God's ways,
In that Babe the Christ discerning,
Fill the Temple with His praise.

Soon Thy holy Church, Lord Jesus,
Her first-born will yield to Thee ;
They who would attain this honour
Guileless as the doves must be.

They must gather round God's altar,
Love all those who seek Him there,
Listen to the Spirit's breathings,
Daily join in praise and prayer.

Jesus, may Thy little children,
As Thy first-born now be known,
Then presented to the Father,
Be accepted as His own.



THE TEMPTATION.

"Then was Jesus led up of the Spirit into the wilderness,
to be tempted of the devil."



H ! blessed Son of Mary,
Whom it became to be
Made like unto Thy brethren,
We gaze with awe on Thee.
As in the desert dreary,
With fasting and with prayer,
Thou dost for coming conflict
Thy holy soul prepare,

The wicked one approach'd Thee
With all his foul array ;
The world, the flesh, the devil,
Would each their power essay :
But Thou didst overcome them
With David's sling and stone,
The sharp sword of the Spirit,
The Word of GOD alone.

But who can tell, Lord Jesus,
The anguish Thou didst know,

When those envenom'd arrows
Were darted by the foe ?
Though doubts of GOD suggested,
Presumptuous thoughts and vain,
Awoke in Thee no echo,
And left in Thee no stain.

The suffering of temptation
For our sakes Thou didst bear,
Where'er we have to wrestle
We see Thy footprints there ;
And knowing Thou wert tempted
In all points like as we,
We cast our heavy burden,
Oh, great High Priest, on Thee :

And learn the holy lesson,
By Thy example taught,
That power to vanquish Satan
Is through self-conquest bought.
The flesh, with its affections,
Beneath our feet must lie,
Ere we so smite the devil,
That he is forced to fly.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

“ And as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistering.”



HE sunny slopes of Tabor
 The Saviour slow ascends,
 And on its grassy summit
 He leaves His chosen friends ;
 They mark Him near them kneeling,
 Entranced in fervent prayer,
 His rapt eyes upward gazing,
 And awe-struck watch'd Him there.

When lo ! a dazzling vision,
 Burst on their ravish'd sight,
 Their Master's Form transfigured,
 Emitting rays of light ;
 His raiment white and glistering,
 Touch'd by no fuller's hand,
 While Moses and Elias
 With Him in glory stand.

They talk, oh, wondrous mystery !
Of suffering and of death ;
Then Peter speaks, amazed,
Not knowing what he saith :
“ Oh, Master, true Messiah !
’Tis good that we should be
Upon this mount for ever,
And raptured gaze on Thee.

“ Let Moses and Elias
In tabernacles stay,”
But e’en while he is speaking,
The vision fades away ;
A radiant cloud enfolds them,
A thrilling voice is heard,
“ This is my Son Belovèd,
Attend ye to His word.”

Roused from their trance of terror
By Jesu’s touch and tone,
They raise their eyes, and wonder
To find their Lord alone.
He bade them hide that vision
Within their inmost heart,

Although when He had risen
They might the news impart.

Oh ! risen Lord and Master,
Who art to us revealed,
Upon the Mount of Zion,
As standing with Thy sealed.
Saints risen and transfigured,
Caught up to meet Thee there,
Shall then no fleeting glory,
But life immortal share.

But even on that mountain,
We would not, Lord, abide,
The heavenly habitation
Alone befits the Bride ;
Where all Thy saints and angels,
With God's own presence blessed,
Are satisfied for ever,
There only would we rest.



PALM SUNDAY.

“ And they that went before and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosannah ! Blessed be the kingdom of our father David that cometh in the name of the Lord.”

BRING forth the palms of triumph,
 And wave them overhead ;
 Upon the dusty pavement
 Your costly garments spread.

Cut from the trees fresh branches,
 And strew them in the way ;
 For Christ, the Son of David,
 Will enter here to-day.

See, 'neath the ancient olives
 Which crown the mountain's brow,
 He on an ass is riding,
 Go forth to meet Him now !

The crowds before, behind Him,
 Their glad Hosannahs sing ;
 Bless'd be the coming kingdom,
 And blest be Israel's King !

Hymns for the Feasts.

With thoughts of future glory,
While every heart beats high :
Christ in the midst is weeping
For judgments drawing nigh.

Beneath the loud Hosannahs,
He hears the undertone,
“ Away with Him, for Cæsar
Shall be our king alone.”

Jesus, in Hallelujahs
When we our voices raise,
Oh may no thoughts disloyal
E'er mingle with our praise ;

Lest we should add fresh anguish
Unto Thy sorrow deep ;
Lest e'en o'er Christian children,
Dear Saviour, Thou shouldst weep.



PALM SUNDAY.

“And when the chief priest and scribes saw the wonderful things that He did, and the children crying in the Temple and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David ! they were sore displeased.”



LITTLE children in the Temple

Glad Hosannahs raise ;

Open Thou our lips, Lord Jesus,

In us perfect praise.

We would wave the bright palm-branches,

Strew them at Thy feet,

Raise to Thee, oh Son of David,

Our Hosannahs sweet.

If men seek to stay our homage,

And our songs suppress,

We will only rally round Thee,

Closer to Thee press.

For Thou art our God and Saviour,

For Thou art our King :

And the free heart's loving service

We to Thee will bring.

MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

"I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I
straitened till it be accomplished."



CONTENT to be betray'd,
To suffer shame and loss !
Straitened until Thou hadst poured
forth

Thy life-blood on the Cross !

What high reward to win,
Lord, made Thee suffer thus ?
What didst Thou see in sinful man
To make Thee care for us ?

Thou sawest sons of God,
In His own image made,
Who wander'd from their Father's house,
By Satan's guile betrayed :

Bound in the lowest pit
By Satan and by sin,

And that Thou mightest rescue us,
Thyself didst enter in.

Oh, love which cost Thy life !
Oh, grace beyond all thought !
The ransom'd nearer than before
Are to their Father brought.

For Thou hast chosen us,
Thy heart, Thy throne to share,
And now Thou art preparing us
That weight of bliss to bear.

Oh, how can we repay,
Such grace, such love Divine ?
We can but give to Thee our hearts,
Lord, take them ; they are Thine !



TUESDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

“GOD so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.”



GOD, Whose holy will was done
By One alone, Thy Blessed Son,
Yet didst so love us as to give
Thy Son to die, that we might live.

O Jesus, Who that death of woe
Didst freely for us undergo ;
The joy before Thee, Blessèd One,
The many sons for glory won.

May we ne'er soil the souls again
Thy blood hath cleansed from every stain,
And dedicate anew to Thee
The lives Thy death alone set free.

O Christ, for all that Thou hast borne
- We praise Thee, even while we mourn.
May we with Thee our sorrows bear,
Then in Thy Resurrection share.

WEDNESDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

“ And the house was filled with the odour of the ointment.”



MARY by her Lord is kneeling,
 Pouring out her sorrows there,
 With her tears His feet bedewing,
 Wipes them softly with her hair.

Jesus sees her deep repentance,
 Bids her doubts and fears to cease,
 Says, “ Thy sins are all forgiven,
 Faith hath saved thee, go in peace.”

Now she breaks the box of ointment,
 Pours the spikenard on His head ;
 Love which counts no gift too costly
 Through the Church doth perfume shed.

Little children, who for Jesus
 Long some loving work to do,
 Wait upon Him in His brethren,
 Show in deeds repentance true.

From the costly box when broken
Precious spikenard freely pour'd ;
Acts from contrite hearts proceeding ;
Still find favour with the Lord.

Mary's tears o'er Jesus falling,
To the sinner hope impart ;
Whilst her loving, tender action
Fires with zeal the saintly heart.

Thus the Church is filled with fragrance :
Myrrh would but unheeded fall ;
Yet when love the spice hath kindled,
Its rich perfume gladdens all.



THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

“ With desire I have desired to eat this Passover with you before I suffer.”



OR this Paschal feast, My brethren,
I have waited long,
Herein I My Presence with you,
Would for aye prolong.

For the love wherewith I love you,
Is within Me pent
Till I shed My life-blood for you,
Till each drop be spent.

See this Bread—It is My Body,
And this Wine My Blood :
Thus a Sacrifice I offer
Of Myself to God.

Take and eat, oh friends beloved,
Of this Cup partake,
This Memorial with My Father
Plead ye for My sake.

Thus show forth My death and Passion
Till I come again,
In this Feast, though seeming absent,
I with you remain.

Now I go to suffer for you,
Till My breath shall cease ;
But I leave with you, My brethren
My bequest of Peace.



GOOD FRIDAY.

“Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.”



Is it nothing, is it nothing,
Unto you that pass Me by;
That I on the cross am lifted,
For the sons of men to die?

Is it nothing, oh My people,
That your sins on Me are laid,
And that I am sorely stricken
For the debts ye ne'er had paid?

Is it nothing, that the spitting,
The unloving brother's due,
Buffets, stripes, and cruel mockings,
I have borne for love of you?

Is it naught, that nails have torn Me,
Piercing thorns surround My head,
Gall must quench My thirst consuming,
O'er Me steals death's shadow dread?

Is it naught, that a sin-offering,
Hanging on th' accursèd tree,
The last bitter drop I tasted
When GOD hid His face from Me?

This, and more than this to win you,
I could bear, and not repine;
Yet ye pass unheeding by Me,
Oh ! was ever grief like Mine?

Jesu, on Thy sorrow gazing,
At Thy feet we fall and weep,
For the sins which wound and slay Thee
Pierce us now with anguish deep.

We the thorny crown have twisted
Which entwines Thy sacred brow ;
By Thy Cross and bitter Passion,
Pardon, cleanse us, heal us now.

By Thine arms outstretch'd to save us,
Draw us, Jesu, close to Thee,
That Thy ransom'd sons and daughters
May Thy crown of glory be.

EASTER EVE.

“Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise.”



HE racking pains are o'er, the thirst,
the shame ;

Calm is His rest and sweet.

With low hush'd voices, with love's tender hand

Wrap in the winding-sheet

The Form so marr'd and bruised, and o'er It shed

The myrrh and aloes meet.

Then bear Him gently to the rich new tomb

In Joseph's garden ground ;

Soldiers will soon the entrance-stone seal fast,

And set a guard around ;

Yet o'er against it weeping, morn and eve,

Mary will still be found.

Watchers are nearer yet : within the tomb

Sit Angels robed in white,

Softer than taper's gleam or moonbeam's ray
 Their tender presence bright,
Stars at the Saviour's head and feet they shine,
 Lightening the grave's dark night.

The Second Adam lieth cold and still,
 But ere the third day dawn
The living Soul, the quickening Spirit will
 Inbreathe that sleeping Form,
And Christ will rise triumphant from the dead,
 First of the true firstborn.

One gentle word, and through the stricken rock
 The Lord of Life will glide ;
Angels will stay to fold the winding-sheet
 And roll the stone aside,
And to Apostles send the joyful news :
 He lives Who for you died !

Jesus, Thy Church still keeps her vigil lone,
 And o'er her dead doth weep,
Oh Thou, the Resurrection and the Life !
 Speak to Thy saints who sleep,
And bid the members with their living Head
 The Resurrection keep.

EASTER DAY.

“ If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things that are above.”

WITH hallelujahs sweet,
 Let heaven's bright arches ring,
 For death's dark bonds are burst,
 And risen is our King.
 The First of the firstfruits
 Brought from the countless dead,
 Yet all the members rise
 In Christ their risen Head.

Lord, may Thy life in us
 Grow stronger every day,
 Till all the bands of earth
 Fall from our souls away,
 And we in bodies changed
 And clothed with glory, rise,
 With all Thy risen saints,
 To meet Thee in the skies.

EASTER DAY.

“That through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is the devil.”



AIL to Thee, Priestly Victim !
Who bow'd Thyself to die,
Freeing Thy chosen people,
Slaying thy foes thereby.

Paid is the costly ransom,
The Royal Captive freed,
Death can no longer claim us,
The Lord is risen indeed !

Hail to Thee, Mighty Victor !
Calm in Thy conscious power,
Waiting to spoil the spoiler,
Till midnight's darkest hour.

The gates which barr'd Thy exit,
True Samson,¹ Thou didst bear

¹ Samson, a type of Christ. *Judges xvi.*

Unto the heights of Hebron,¹
Leaving Thy trophies there.

Hail to Thee, risen Saviour !
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The new cords loosed which bound Thee,
Have proved Thee strong to save.

Firstborn amongst Thy brethren,
Oh risen Christ, art Thou !
The first ripe sheaf of barley
Waved in God's presence now.

Hail to Thee, Kingly Suitor !
Who with Thy strong right hand
Rent as a kid the lion
Which would Thy grace withstand.

Hail to Thee deathless Bridegroom !
Who from that foe o'erthrown
Hast won the living honey
Thou givest to Thine own.

¹ Hebron, the burial-place of Abraham, the father of the faithful. "When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, Thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers."

O Nazarite most Holy !
New wine Thou wilt forbear
Till in Thy Father's kingdom
Thy Bride the Chalice share.

True Champion of Thy people,
In Thee alone we trust ;
Lay Thy right hand upon us,
And lift us from the dust.

In Resurrection-glory
Our endless song shall be,
Thou, Lord, alone art worthy,
All love, all praise to Thee !



ASCENSION DAY.

“ While He blessed them, He was parted from them,
and carried up into heaven.”



OW the Saviour's work is ended,
Ere He fills His throne on high,
While the Angel hosts are waiting
To escort Him to the sky,

He would leave His Church a blessing,
It doth still with her remain ;
For the Lord is with us alway,
Even till He come again.

See ! He riseth slowly, slowly,
Through the liquid azure skies,
Now a silver cloud enwraps Him,
Hides Him from our yearning eyes.

Higher still He mounts, and higher,
Till the gates of pearl are won ;
Open wide, ye doors eternal,
Entrance give to God's dear Son !

On His sapphire throne exalted,
Angel hosts before Him fall ;
See ! our Saviour and our Brother,
Now is crown'd as Lord of all.

Christ our GOD, we mourn Thy absence,
Send Thy Dove our hearts to cheer,
And to whisper, that the Bridegroom
For His Bride will soon appear.

He is now her home preparing,
With a Husband's tender care ;
Come, dear Lord, Thy Bride is waiting,
Take her now Thy throne to share.



ASCENSION DAY.

“I ascend to my Father and your Father, to my GOD
and your GOD.”



GAZING on the sunlit sky,
With its deeps of azure blue,
Think we on the wondrous day
When the Lord of Hosts passed through:

Through the trackless paths of air,
Past the shining stars' abode,
Very GOD and very Man,
Straight unto the throne of GOD.

Thither now in heart and mind,
We would with our Lord ascend,
For the Man at GOD's right hand
Is our Brother and our Friend.

There for us He intercedes,
Feels each throb of human pain,
Meekly for His brethren waits,
Ere He take His crown and reign.

Intercessor, Brother, Friend,
Hear our cry, Lord Jesus come,
Where Thou art, there would we be ;
Take Thy longing children home.



ASCENSION-TIDE.

“Let all the angels of GOD worship Him.”

JESUS is with triumph welcomed in
the heavens,
Angel hosts adoring, worship at His
feet,

Strike their harps melodious, and His praises
swell,

One to other telling, antiphon most sweet.

In that strain exulting, we our voices raise,
For the Lord of Angels is our Brother dear ;
Yet a note of sadness mingles with our praise,
Feel we both His triumph and His absence
dear.

Send us, Holy Jesus, in Thy tender love,
Thy sweet Dove to nestle in our mourning
heart,

Then on silver pinions lift us to thy Throne,
To be ever with Thee, Saviour, where Thou art.

THE EVE OF PENTECOST.

“Restore unto us the joy of Thy salvation, and uphold us with Thy free Spirit.”



BLESSED Spirit, Thou hast mourned
and waited,

And o'er us brooded long.

Hush'd is Thy voice within Thy habitation,
Hush'd is the festal song.

We would not bear Christ's rule in His Apostles,
The Prophets speak no more,
Without fit guidance, e'en Thy best endowments
Would run to ruin sore.

Evangelists no longer in its fulness
Tell of Redeeming Grace,
Untended sheep have broken from their pasture,
And wander'd o'er the waste.

The diadem of gold and precious jewels
Has fallen from our brow,
The mighty powers which told of Thy indwelling,
Alas! where are they now?

The Bride unready, with her weeping maidens
Sits in the dust forlorn,
Oh come, blest Spirit, rouse us from our slumbers,
And lift up those who mourn.

Give once again the bridal robe and jewels,
That in her fair array
The Bride may, with the faithful heart's true
yearning,
Long for her marriage day.



PENTECOST.

“And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.”



ATHER'D in an upper chamber,
Daily offering prayer and praise,
For the promised gift they waited,
Through ten hopeful days.

On the Pentecostal morning
Answer'd was their deep desire,
For the Holy Ghost descended
With cleft tongues of fire.

While the house was strongly shaken,
Each, by God's blest Spirit moved,
In a tongue his voice uplifting,
Praised the Lord he loved.

“Nay, no new wine have we tasted,
Though unknown the words we say,
We with God hold sweet Communion,
On this blessed day.”

With the Spirit's tender graces,
With His mighty gifts of power,
Was the Holy Church invested
In her natal hour.

Lord, Thy heritage long wasted,
Thirsteth for the latter rain,
Send, ere every plant be wither'd,
Thy best gift again.

Perils thick are gathering round us,
Shades of evening darkly lower,
To the Church which waits for Jesus
Give the bridal dower.

Come, blest Spirit, in Thy fulness,
Make Christ's chosen ark Thy rest,
With new tongues make known amongst us
Thy indwelling blest.



PENTECOST.

“The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.”



H visit us this Pentecostal morning,
Sweet Comforter, again,
The thirsty earth looks up and craves
a blessing,
Pour down the latter rain.

Oh Lord of Life! the soft west wind is blowing,
The tender buds appear.
Breathe o'er our hearts, and fragrant flowers will
blossom,
An endless spring be here.

The singing birds the balmy air make vocal,
Building with joy their nest,
Oh Turtle Dove! with low sweet songs we greet
Thee,
Make in our hearts Thy rest.

And we will learn the meaning of Thy cooing,
And heed each plaintive moan,
Lest we should force Thee to forsake Thy
dwelling,
And leave us sad and lone.

Oh come, blest Spirit, for a voice is calling,
My love, My fair one come !
Spread Thy soft wings and bear us gently upward
To our eternal home.



FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

“ Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was,
and is, and is to come.”



NE GOD only worship we,
But One God in Persons Three,
To the Blessèd Trinity
Be prayer address'd.

God the Father made of none
God the sole begotten Son,
From Them Both proceeds as One,
The Spirit Bless'd.

One to think, to will, to move,
One in power, and grace, and love,
Father, Saviour, Holy Dove,
One God in Three.

In this faith, Lord, keep us right,
Till our faith be changed to sight,
And unveil'd the Godhead bright
Our eyes shall see.

FEAST OF ALL ANGELS.

“ And there appeared unto Him an angel from Heaven,
strengthening Him.”



AROUND God's throne of glory
Stand Messengers of light,
With “ Holy, Holy, Holy,”

They worship day and night,
They wait to know God's blessèd will,
Then fly His bidding to fulfil.

And oft His Word doth send them
To this sad world below,
To wait upon Christ's brethren,
To cheer the mourner's woe,
To watch beside the little child,
And keep his garments undefiled.

Oh, hard of heart and faithless,
We deem ourselves alone,
As desolate and friendless
We make our feeble moan,

Unheeding that with pitying eyes
A guardian Angel marks our sighs.

Unveil our eyes, Lord Jesus,
That we may see around
Thy Angel hosts encamping ;
Our homes as guarded ground.
To those who love and fear Thy Name,
Thy Angels are a wall of flame.

Thou Who in bitter anguish
An Angel's help hast known,
Thou Who in sore temptation
Their ministry didst own :
Thou knowest what their care can be,
Oh bid them tend Thy lambs for Thee.

Oh may we know their presence,
And feel them at our side,
Walk warily before Thee,
As those whom angels guide,
For they who always see Thy face
Most lowly are, most full of grace.

In heaven we shall behold them
And thank them for their care,
With them have sweet communion,
And in their gladness share,
The joy of loving GOD alone
And losing in His will our own.



FEAST OF ALL ANGELS.

“He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.”



HE beautiful bright Angels
Who stand before God's throne,
Who fly to do His bidding
And love His will alone,

With gazing on His beauty
Are never satisfied,
Yet leave His blessed Presence,
His children here to guide.

They tend as faithful guardians
The heirs of heavenly grace,
Yet ever keep untiring
Their eye upon God's Face.

Oh Jesus, tender Shepherd,
Thou dost Thy lambs befriend
By sending holy Watchers
To guide us and defend.

From fiery darts to shield us ;
In whispers soft and low
To warn of the approaches
Of our insidious foe.

To spread their soft wings round us
When we in slumber lie,
And when Thy lambs Thou callest,
To bear them to the sky.

When they have safely brought us
To our dear home above,
What joy to look upon them,
And thank them for their love!



ALL SAINTS.

“The Lord knoweth them that are His.”



WHEN we meet with lists of names
In the pages of God's Word,
Nothing but the sire and son
Doth the list for us record.

But to God the names reveal
Lives where good and evil met ;
Stones as useless cast aside,
Or rich jewels fitly set.

So when Christ His Church would build,
Twelve foundations first were laid,
And upon each precious stone
An Apostle's name was graved.

What though deep their work may lie,
Far beyond our human sight !
Elders round about the throne
Sit in GOD's own Presence bright.

Jesus, give Thy children grace
So to live and work for Thee,
That we may the jewels bright
Of Thy Living Temple be.



ALL SAINTS.

“ GOD is to be glorified in His saints.”



H, Fount of life and beauty!
To Thee our hearts we raise,
And for Thy saints and martyrs
Pour forth our songs of praise.

Thy tender grace, Lord Jesus,
Upon Thy saints did rest,
Who, treading in Thy footsteps,
All blessing, were thrice bless'd.

Their gentle words of comfort,
Their bounteous deeds of love,
Proclaim'd the rich endowments
Of Thy most Holy Dove.

And they for truth who witness'd,
And cruel deaths pass'd through,
From Thee, oh King of Martyrs,
Their strength and courage drew.

Oh, Fount of life and beauty !
Oh, source of grace Divine !
May love's celestial brightness
In all our actions shine.

Oh, bid Thy Holy Spirit
Descend our guest to be,
And plant in us the graces
Which find their root in Thee.

For in Thy saints and martyrs
Who nobly for Thee died,
In lowly youths and maidens,
Thou wilt be glorified.



ALL SAINTS.

“In whom ye also are builded together for an habitation of God through the Spirit.”

BEHOLD the queenly city !
The Bride for Christ array'd,
Her strong and sure foundations
In precious stones are laid ;
Her crystal walls are glancing
With rainbow-tinted light,
Pure in her bridal beauty
As the fair lily white.

Known to the heavenly Builder
Was every living stone ;
Each in the place is shining,
Destined for it alone ;
The virgin gold and silver,
The pearls and jewels rare,
Were all in fittest order,
Laid with Love's tender care.

The priceless gems elected
To form the inmost shrine,
Were cut, engraved, and polish'd
By Jesu's hand divine,
Till latent light within them
Brake forth in dazzling rays,
And the fair Bride shines peerless,
Meet for the Bridegroom's gaze.

Oh, Royal Master Builder !
Oh, Architect Divine !
Take up Thy habitation
Within Thy living shrine.
Be to the holy City
Her true Shechinah bright !
Be to the Bride for ever
Her diadem of Light !



THE HOUSE OF GOD.

“Hearken Thou to the supplication of Thy servant,
and of Thy people Israel, when they shall pray toward
this place.”

THOUGH the voice of supplication,
And the bursts of praise are o'er,
The sweet incense-cloud hath vanish'd,
And the organ peals no more :
E'en the Amen's thrilling echoes
From the roof have died away,
Here the Lord dispenses blessings,
I will seek His grace to-day.

What though from the hallow'd chancel
All the white-robed priests have gone,
Choir and people have departed,
And I kneel in church alone !
God is in His presence chamber,
Though He hide His royal state ;
Though I see no bright-wing'd Angels,
Though no courtiers round Him wait.

Like the swallow and her nestlings,
I would near the Altar stay,
But the quiet voice of duty
Calls me from GOD's courts away.
When a calm and solemn stillness
Broods around the holy place,
Can the church in no way witness
To Christ's presence and His grace?

Yes, the Altar-lamp is burning,
Duly tended day and night,
And it shines to do Him honour
In Whose worship we delight.
All His children's tender musings,
Quiet faith and hope-wing'd prayer,
Burning love and adoration,
Jesus sees in symbol there.

Where Christ's presence on the Altar
Makes the church thrice hallow'd ground,
Doubt not that the shining Angels
Worship though unseen around,
And that prayers breathed towards GOD's temple
By His children far away,

Cluster starlike round the Altar
Brighter than the lamp's soft ray.

Let thy prayers and aspirations
Mingle with the Altar-flame,
Pour forth all thy supplications
Where the Lord hath set His Name.
Join in spirit when thou canst not
To thy Father's House repair,
God, Who sees His Angels worship,
Will behold thee present there.

He will hear thy supplications,
He will all thy sins forgive,
In the paths of His commandments
He will give thee strength to live.
From His holy habitation
God dispenses gifts of grace ;
And none go without a blessing,
Who towards Zion turn their face.



THE ARK A TYPE OF CHRIST.

“And after the second veil, the Tabernacle which is called the Holiest of all. Which had the golden censer, and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant; and over it the cherubims of glory shadowing the mercy-seat.”



IN the Holiest of Holies,
Ark of GOD, thy place is found,
Shittim wood with gold emblazon'd,
Veil'd with mystic curtains round.

Cherubims with wings uplifted
Shade the Mercy-seat divine,
Mysteries of grace lie hidden,
Deep within thy sacred shrine.

Tables which God's hand hath graven,
Golden pot with manna stored,
Rod which budded and bore almonds
In the presence of the Lord :

Types of Thee, our GOD Incarnate,
Truth is in Thy inward part,
Love to GOD and man are graven
On Thy holy human Heart.

Thou the manna, food of Angels,
Who dost in Thy church abide,
Living Bread with which Thy children
Day by day are satisfied.

Almond rod where buds and blossoms,
Leaves and fruit together blend,
For Thy royal priesthood, Jesu,
No beginning hath nor end.

In the inmost shrine Thy presence
Thou dost for awhile conceal,
Yet Thy goings forth dost clearly
In Thy Cherubim reveal.

Lamb of GOD, Thy Blood once sprinkled,
Doth for every sin atone !
Royal Priest, Thy daily incense
Wins acceptance for Thine own !

We with boldness, as dear children,
To the Mercy-seat draw near,
Fill Thy hand with intercession,
Touch Thee, hold Thee, without fear.

To the Holiest uplift us,
Through the veil full entrance give,
Where we may behold the Father,
Shelter'd in Thy side, and live.



PRAYER FOR THREE SEASONS
OR EMBER DAYS.

“Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He would send forth labourers into His harvest.”

BRIGHT are the golden fields,
The harvest fair to see,
Send forth Thy labourers, Lord,
To reap for Thee.

Bid them at early morn,
For service glad awake,
And brave the mid-day sun,
For Thy dear sake.

Though scant the ears may be,
Wither'd by frost and blight,
Still bid them labour on
As in Thy sight.

Though garners full run o'er,
Or gather'd ears be few,
Thou wilt alike reward
The labourers true.

THE FIRST FRUITS.

“These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth. These were redeemed among men, being the first-fruits unto GOD and to the Lamb.”

WITH Christ upon Mount Zion,
 A mystic number stand :
 The first-born sons of Israel,
 Redeem'd from every land !

A holy band of Virgins,
 Who no defilement know,
 Where'er the Lamb doth lead them,
 With willing steps they go.

The hearts that knew no baseness,
 The lips that knew no guile,
 Taste the unearthly sweetness
 Of God's approving smile.

Twelve sheaves of living first-fruits,
 Gather'd from quick and dead,
 In bodies changed, immortal,
 Stand round their living Head.

Hymns for the Feasts.

The waving fields beneath them,
No golden glory know ;
They must, alas ! be ripened,
By trial's fiery glow.

Oh, holy happy first-fruits !
Who in GOD's presence bow :
As Saviours to your brethren
The Lord will use you now.

The multitude unnumbered,
Through scathing heat have past :
But what if they are garner'd
For Jesu's use at last !

When each ripe ear is gather'd
And in GOD's Temple stored,
All will rejoice together,
And praise the Harvest's Lord.



HARVEST FESTIVAL.

“They joy before Thee according to the joy of Harvest.”

WHILE the world endureth
 Seed time shall appear :
 And the golden harvest
 Crown the circling year.

To His promise faithful
 God hath given the rain,
 And the Sun to ripen
 Fields of waving grain.

Now the sheaves are garner'd,
 To His House we come,
 And with joy before Him,
 Keep our Harvest Home.

Soon the world's great harvest
 Will for Christ be stored ;
 First ripe fruits be gather'd
 For the Harvest's Lord.


Tares be left for burning,
Angels' arms enfold,
For the heavenly garner,
Sheaves of shining gold.

Safely housed where never
Storms nor blight can come,
May we keep with Jesus
Our true Harvest Home.



THE DAY OF ATONEMENT.

“Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation.”

OW the morning sacrifice is offer'd,
 And the glorious garments put away,
 The High Priest comes forth in linen
 vested,
 To perform the holy rites to-day.

From the congregation he hath taken
 Their sin-offering to present to God,
 Slain the bullock for the priestly household ;
 In a brazen basin caught the blood.

Slowly through the holy place he passeth,
 Bearing living coals and incense sweet,
 Which must shroud him in its cloudy fragrance,
 Ere He touch the golden Mercy-seat.

Twice seven times the Mercy-seat he sprinkles
 With the warm blood of the victims slain ;

Reconciles the gold and brazen Altars,
Putting on their horns that crimson stain.

Forth he comes, in sight of all the people,
On the living goat he lays his hands,
Puts on it the sins and the transgressions
It will bear away to distant lands.

Still the people wait in expectation
For the closing rite of this great day :
Listen for the golden bell's soft music ;
See, he comes in beautiful array !

In the blue robe and embroider'd ephod,
Coat and girdle wrought with curious art,
Breastplate flashing in the evening sunlight,
Bearing Israel's sons upon his heart.

With the holy crown upon his forehead,
The burnt-offering he presents to God,
Then the people with the threefold blessing
Sends in peace upon their homeward road.

Thou O Christ, in all Thy radiant beauty,
Didst present the morning sacrifice,

“Lo, I come to do Thy will, O Father,”
The burnt-offering precious in GOD’s eyes.

Emptied for awhile of all Thy glory,
Thou didst come in righteousness alone,
And present Thyself a spotless Victim,
Whose Blood, sprinkled, doth for sin atone.

Still the burden of our sins and failings,
Living Lamb of GOD, on Thee we lay;
Where the eastern sun sinks down in darkness,
So far, our transgressions put away.

Thou for us the Holiest hast entered,
Standing now within the second veil,
Lifting up pierced Hands with incense fragrant,
Thou dost plead, and evermore prevail.

Oh come forth, in all Thy glorious beauty,
Take the people Thou hast ransom’d home,
For the trumpet through the land is sounding,
And the year of Jubilee hath come !



THE FEAST OF TABERNACLES.

"In the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days, and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God."



IN the glory of the golden autumn,
 See green booths erected on the
 sward,
 For the chosen race, with shouts of triumph,
 Keep their crowning feast before the Lord.
 There is nothing which can mar their gladness,
 The wheat-harvest has been gather'd in,
 Joyfully they lift the hearts deliver'd
 From the all-defiling stain of sin.
 Through the land, for seven long days of gladness,
 Weary labour, doom of sin, will cease :
 Listen to the children's happy laughter !
 See worn faces settle into peace !
 Blessèd type of the eternal Sabbath
 When God's harvest will be safely stored,
 And the ransom'd in the heavenly Canaan
 Keep an endless feast before the Lord.

Christmas, Easter, Pentecost hath found us,
Kneeling, Jesus, at Thy altar-throne,
But the Feast of Tabernacles, only
We can keep, when Thou art with Thy own.

Oh come quickly to Thy waiting people !
Listen to Creation's yearning cry ;
Clothe the new earth with immortal beauty,
Wipe away the tears from every eye.

Change the curse into a sevenfold blessing,
For the earth hath felt Thy touch Divine ;
Thou didst draw Creation closely to Thee
When Thou hallowedst the Bread and Wine.

Mountains, oceans, trees, and waving grasses,
Winds obedient to Thy Voice alone,
To the music of our Alleluias
Add e'en now a solemn undertone.

Oh how sweet will be the strain triumphant
When the world from sin and death is free ;
And the anthems of the whole Creation
Will be led, O Great High Priest, by Thee !

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

“And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof ; it shall be a jubilee unto you, and ye shall return every man unto his possession, and ye shall return every man unto his family.”



HE solemn rites are ended,
Atonement hath been made,
The sins of all God's people
Upon the scapegoat laid.

The tender words of blessing
Have cheer'd each anxious heart,
Yet e'er the tribes in gladness
To distant homes depart,

They wait to hear the trumpet
In silver tones proclaim
Deliverance from thraldom
To all of Israel's name.

The holy land has rested
Her sabbaths seven of years,
And now the silver trumpet
A joyful message bears.

It says, "The land of Israel
Belongs alone to God,
And He to each man renders
The fields his fathers trod."

The sunny summer garden,
Where they in childhood play'd,
The fountain's plashing music,
The fig-tree's pleasant shade.

The fields where oft they wander'd
To muse at eventide,
Where through the feathery palm-trees
The west wind softly sigh'd.

Each spot by memory haunted
With word, and look, and tone,
Oh joy beyond all telling !
Once more will be their own.

Lower still our God descendeth,
In our hearts He deigns to dwell ;
But no Lamp with quiet radiance
Doth of that indwelling tell.
Nay ! the Christian's life of worship,
Active love, adoring rest,
Is the bright Lamp ever burning,
Which doth honour Jesus best !



THE UNITY OF THE CHURCH.

“The whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.”



HY heart with exultation
Is swelling high to-day,
Sweet strains of Alleluia,
Thy glad thanksgiving lay.

Yet turn not from thy brother
Who near thee moans and sighs ;
While for thy Alleluias
His Miserères rise.

It may be that thy gladness
Is purchased by his moans,
As Easter's songs of triumph
Succeeds Lent's minor tones.

And as the sons of Israel
Must each one mourn apart,
The words of deep contrition
Rise from each humbled heart,

Before the silver trumpet
Proclaims Redemption won,
The whole world brought for ever,
Back to GOD's only Son.

As in Christ's mystic Body
Each member hath his place ;
The whole is knit together,
By each one's gift of grace.

Doubt not thy chords triumphant,
Thy brother's minor tone,
Blend in harmonious concert
Before th' Eternal Throne.



THE HOLY GOSPELS.

“And a river went out of Eden to water the garden ;
and from thence it was parted, and became into four
heads.”



HE beautiful garden once planted by
GOD,
With everything pleasant and bright
to the eye,
One broad river water'd, then into four heads
The crystal stream parted, as it glided by.

To God's beauteous Eden one Gospel is sent,
The glad news is brought by Evangelists four :
They witness to Christ as the Priest, Prophet,
King,
And the meek Son of Man, who our sicknesses
bore.

St. Matthew as Ruler His Master portrays,
The King Who shall sit on His white judgment
throne ;
To judge all mankind by the law He has given,
Then into His kingdom will welcome His own.

St. Mark as Evangelist speaks of His Lord,
The Brother and Friend who o'er man's weakness
sigh'd,
The Gospel's glad tidings to multitudes brought,
And sent a kind word to the friend who denied.

In Luke's tender pictures the Pastor we see
Who laid down His life for the wandering sheep,
Who binds up their wounds, in His bosom en-
folds,
Breathes peace over those who in bitterness weep.

St. John loves to gaze on the Prophet Divine,
Who came from GOD's bosom, His will to reveal,
Though veil'd in man's nature, the Father made
known,
And set to the Scriptures His own living seal.

May we, drinking deep of the truths which they
taught,
Be not by vain doctrine soon driven away ;
But seeing our GOD in the meek Son of Man,
Behold him enthroned in His glory one day.

THE WORD OF GOD.

“If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding ; if thou seekest her as silver and searchest for her as for hid treasures ; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God.”



HAIL ! Holy Word of God,
Fair pearl of price untold,
What grace and truth divine
Thy pages bright unfold !

Here is a crystal stream
Where living waters flow ;
Though all may freely drink,
No ebb the waters know.

Here are unfathom'd mines
Of gold and jewels rare ;
Each takes whate'er he will,
Yet leaves the treasure there.

All from this armoury rich
May without money buy ;
The warriors here equipp'd
Can every foe defy.

Hymns for the Feasts.

Here is a wondrous balm
Which every wound can heal ;
And wisdom which of hearts
The secrets doth reveal.

Here a clear warning light
Shines o'er life's waters dark,
Safely past reefs and shoals
Guiding the storm-toss'd bark.

Honey and milk abound
Within this garden fair ;
And faith and hope and love,
Hang in rich clusters there.

Here a bright polar star
Meets us where'er we roam,
Cheering the pilgrim's heart,
Guiding the wanderer home.

Seen through this open door
Is Heaven's dear land of light ;
And Angels' songs are heard
Gladdening the weary night.

Lord, for Thy Virgin Bride,
How great Thy love Divine !
The Dove's low breathings knit
Her tender heart to Thine.

A royal gift He bears,
Than diamonds more bright,
Than rubies richer far—
Thy words of life and light.

Where can a shrine be found
For gem so rich and rare?
The Bride's pure heart alone,—
Lord, set the jewel there.



PURITY.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they their GOD shall see,
Nathaniel won this grace
When coming, Lord, to Thee ;
He in the virgin's lowly Son
Discern'd the Christ, the Holy One.

He communed with His GOD
Beneath the fig-tree's shade,
Mourn'd Judah's low estate,
And for Messiah pray'd ;
When Thou didst of those musings tell,
Adoring at Thy feet he fell.

The Israelite indeed,
Whom guileless Thou didst own,
Shall in Thy kingdom fill .
An apostolic throne ;
And greater things his eyes shall scan—
The mystery of GOD made man.

For Thou the ladder art,
From heaven to earth let down,
Thou art the first and last,
Of all the root and crown ;
And shining Angels, for Thy sake,
Of simple children guidance take.

In membership with Thee,
Near to our Father brought,
Oh may we guileless be,
In deed, and word, and thought ;
Then win in heaven the wondrous grace
To see Thee, Jesus, face to face.



FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

“And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three,
but the greatest of these is Charity.”



ORD, that we may perfect be,
Give to us the graces three,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Faith, that with the spirit's eye
Doth the things unseen espy,
Give, then crown Thy gift on high.

Hope, that on celestial wings,
To Thy word responsive springs,
Upward soars, and “soaring sings.”

Love, which leaning on Thy breast,
Learns Thy will and is at rest,
Then makes all around her blest.

Then whate'er Thy word may be,
Faith will ne'er ask eyes to see,
Hope will yearn, and Love agree.

Faith will then be changed to sight,
Hope will grasp the promise bright,
Love in GOD Himself delight.



SICKNESS.

“When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee.”



WHEN the billows dark are rising,
And the storms of life sweep by,
Then a Mighty One draws nigh me,
Whispers, “Fear not, it is I.”

When in sickness sore I languish,
Then He stands beside my bed,
Says, “My arms are round about thee,
Lean on Me thy aching head.”

When I mourn for friends departed,
Grieve that none is by to cheer,
Then He whispers, “One is by thee,
Who is more than mother dear.”

When I shrink from death's dark valley,
Then He says, “Child, fear no ill ;
Lean upon My staff sustaining,
Know that I am with thee still.”

Jesus, Shepherd, Friend, Redeemer,
When before Thy throne I stand,
Bid me fear not, since my name is
Graven on Thy piercèd Hand.



SORROW.

“Take up thy cross.”



AKE up thy cross, thou pilgrim weak,
And bear it bravely on,
Straight through the narrow, tangled
path

Where Christ before hath gone.

Take up thy cross, though large it seem,
It hath been weigh'd above ;
Thy Father ne'er will send thee one
Beyond thy power to move.

Take up thy cross, when in thy arms
Its burden light will be ;
'Tis not the cross that makes thee shrink,
Its *shadow* frightens thee.



WORKS OF MERCY.

Matt. xxv.



WAS an hunger'd, blessèd Lord,
 And Thou didst give me food ;
 I was athirst, Thou gavest me
 For drink Thy precious Blood.
 I was a stranger poor and lone,
 And Thou didst take me in ;
 A prisoner, and Thou loosedst me
 From all the chains of sin.

Naked was I, Thou clothedst me
 With a fair linen dress,
 The robe provided for Thy saints,
 Thy spotless righteousness.
 In sickness Thou didst comfort me
 With Thine own presence blest,
 Burden'd, I cast my care on Thee,
 And Thou didst give me rest.

Since with such priceless gifts, O Lord,
 Thou hast enrichèd me,

Thy hand of blessing evermore
May I to others be.
I would tread closely in Thy steps,
Live unto Thee alone,
Visit for Thee the fatherless,
The desolate and lone.

The fallen raise, the outcast bring
And ignorant, to Thee ;
The hungry feed, the naked clothe,
To all a helper be.
Then drinking at the precious fount
Of Thine exhaustless love,
Yet more the bliss of blessing know
In Thine own House above.



CHRIST, ALL IN ALL.

“I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

WEARY and heavy laden,
 With guilt and fears opprest,
 Come unto Me, dear children,
 And I will give you rest.

I bare your heavy burden,
 So ye may lay it down,
 I bare the cross and passion,
 So ye may wear the crown.

Come unto Me, dear children,
 And I the way will show :
 To reach the Heavenly City,
 Right onward ye must go.
 I have but pass'd before you,
 To crush the serpent's head ;
 And they need fear no evil
 Who in My footprints tread.

And if ye would from falsehood
 And deadly error flee,

Hymns for the Feasts.

Sit at My feet, dear children,
And learn the truth from Me :
I in My Father's bosom
For evermore abide,
And they have truth eternal
Who take Me for their Guide.

And if ye fain would gladness
And length of days obtain,
Come unto Me, dear children,
And life immortal gain.
The chalice I have mingled
With endless bliss runs o'er,
Drink deeply, My belovèd,
And live for evermore.



THE THREEFOLD RENUNCIATION.

THE FLESH.

“ Abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul.”



SOLDIERS, true and faithful,
Hear the trumpet's call,
'Neath your Captain's banner
Range ye, one and all.

Not against the devil,
Not against the world,
Must the red-cross banner
Only be unfurl'd.

Subtle foes are lurking
Deep your hearts within,
There first wage the battle
With the power of sin.

O'er the sight and hearing,
Touch, and taste, and smell,
Set a watch, good Christians,
Guard those portals well.

Hymns for the Feasts.

Satan through the senses
Seeks your souls to slay,
Let no secret traitor
Jesu's cause betray.

If to lusts enticing
Ye yield up your heart,
Can ye bid the devil
And the world depart?


By the sign upon you,
By Christ's life within,
Close in deadly conflict
With each pleasant sin.

Jesu's eye is on you,
Keep your solemn vow;
Then a crown immortal
Shall adorn your brow.



THE WORLD.

"Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

S he plied his gainful trade
By the Galilean sea,
Jesus unto Matthew said,
"Give up all, and follow Me."

From his heaps of shining gold
Did he find it hard to part ?
Nay, the Master's gracious look
Won at once the servant's heart.

Jesus opens wide His arms,
Calls young children to Him now ;
Will ye from vain pleasures turn,
And before your Saviour bow ?

Think ye not with masters twain
Loyal service to divide,
In the heart where Mammon reigns
Jesus Christ will not abide.

Earthly pleasures soon will pall,
Riches soon take wings and fly,
Hearts for Jesus made alone
Only God can satisfy.



THE DEVIL.

“Put on the whole armour of GOD, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.”



WHAT, though upon thy garment
 Appear no fleshly stains,
 The world in vain allures thee,
 The strongest foe remains.

Put on thy Captain's armour,
 And see thine arms be bright,
 For Satan oft against thee
 Will come, array'd in light.

With words of seeming kindness
 Will seek to work thee woe,
 None in their own strength standing
 The devil can o'erthrow.

Of pride the haughty parent,
 The father of all lies,
 Envy, and wrath, and malice
 Find favour in his eyes.

To foil the devil's falsehood
In Christ the Truth abide,
With love drive from thee envy,
With meekness vanquish pride.

Self-will and disobedience
With Jesu's weapons slay,
He, subject to His parents,
Will teach thee to obey.

Though fierce and long the conflict,
Resist—the foe will flee—
And oh how bright the chaplet
Thy GOD will give to thee.



THE THREE GRACES:

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY.

“When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace.”



FIVE powers on every hand,
Help us, Saviour, to withstand,
With Thy Spirit's sister band.

Faith, which sees with eagle eye
Heavenly things beyond the sky,
Says, all fleshly lusts must die.


Hope, which ever upward springs,
Spurns whate'er earth smiling brings,
From her worldly pleasure flings.

Love, which loving God alone,
Hates what would usurp His throne,
Doth the devil thrice disown.

Thus all Satan's foul array,
Help us with pure minds to slay,
Cleaving to the better way.

HOLY COMMUNION.

“My Flesh is meat indeed, My Blood is drink indeed.”

 MORE, wearied, and discouraged
With thy unceasing strife,
Young Christian, look to Jesus,
He will renew thy life.

List to His kind voice saying,
“Arise, My child, and eat,
Thou truly shalt be strengthen’d,
For I will be thy meat.

“Awhile rest from thy warfare,
And sup, My child, with Me,
Refresh’d, thou shalt pass onwards,
For I thy drink will be.”

And thou wilt ne’er feel lonely
Nor desolate again,
For thus thou wilt communion
With all God’s saints obtain.

With those who now with Jesus
Look keenly on thy strife,
With brethren who around thee
The battle wage of life.

And here the tender Shepherd
His death for thee will plead,
And win for all His children
The grace and strength they need.

Then eat Thy Saviour's Body,
And drink His precious Blood,
Until thou reach, young pilgrim,
The very mount of God.



SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

“He humbled thee, and suffered thee to hunger, and fed thee with manna—that He might make thee know that man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord doth man live.”



LED by Marah's bitter streams

The people I had saved,

Ere I would guide them where the
palms

O'er Elim's waters waved.

I led them through Sin's wilderness,

To test their faith in Me ;

Ere I rain'd manna down from heaven

Their daily food to be.

Oh, had they but believed My word,

That not by bread alone,

But by each living word of truth

I can sustain My own !

Then had I been well pleased with them,

As with My Son most dear,

Then had they known My love more sweet
Than aught of earthly cheer.

Thou through the wilderness must pass
To reach the Promised Land,
Upon thee too, My child beloved,
I needs must lay My hand.
I try thee not with lack of bread,
With lack of water pure,
Thy table has been ever spread,
Thy water has been sure.

I feed thee with the Bread of Life,
And with My Blood divine,
I will that for such food, My child,
Thy thirsty soul should pine ;
Yet sometimes in My love I take
That heavenly food away,
That on Me, higher than My gifts,
My saints their souls should stay.

Dost thou believe, oh, child beloved,
That I abide in thee ?
That as I by My Father live,
So thou dost live by Me ?

Then canst thou doubt if for awhile
Thou lack the Food Divine,
That I can still sustain the soul
Which draws her life from Mine?

Then in the path to which I lead
In faith rejoicing go ;
“ Man doth not live by Bread alone,”
Thy hungry soul shall know.
I hide Myself to draw more near ;
Thy prayer, “ Abide with me,”
Shall draw Me to thy inmost heart,
To sup, My child, with thee.



TRUST IN GOD.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."



OD cares for thee, my child ;
 Then cast on Him thy care,
 Hide not within thy aching heart
 The woe He longs to share.

Fainting beneath His cross,
 The Saviour deign'd to own
 A mortal's aid : then seek not thou
 To bear thy cross alone.

He Who in every point
 Was tempted like as we,
 And in His Manhood overcame,
 Strength will impart to thee.

Hunger and want and pain,
 Friends found in need untrue,
 Hatred and scorn of wicked men,
 All these thy Saviour knew.

The hiding of GOD's face,
The weight of all our sin,
An agonizing death He bore,
Thy feeble love to win.


Then deem not, Christian child,
Thy griefs and cares too small
To cast on Him Whose human Heart
Can sympathize with all.

He will thy strength renew,
Thy burden'd spirit free,
And shed a halo round the cross
Which He sustains with thee.



WORK FOR GOD.

“ Yet there is room.”

AY not so desponding
 In thy secret heart,
 “ In the Lord’s high purpose
 I can have no part ;”
 Since in GOD’S creation
 There is room for all,
 For the great and mighty,
 For the weak and small.

Room in deep blue heavens
 For the stars of light,
 Which their course majestic
 Check not day nor night,
 Each to worlds unnumber’d
 Which around them move,
 Ministers God’s blessing,
 Light and life and love.

Room on earth’s fair bosom
 For the lowly weed

Brightening the wayside,
Scattering its seed.
Birds which have no storehouse
Eat the proffer'd grain,
And the air make vocal
With their joyous strain.

In God's earthly kingdom
There is room for all,
Room for saints and martyrs,
And for children small ;
Room for lives devoted
Spent in sacrifice,
Room for lowly actions,
Precious in God's eyes.

Room for sevenfold graces
Of the Spirit blest,
Each his gift imparting
Doth enhance the rest,
As each hue reflected
In the rainbow bright,
Needs to be collected
To form perfect light.

Hymns for the Feasts.

For heaven's dew refreshing
Earthly flowers look up,
And the dew descending
Fills each tiny cup ;
Broad and noble rivers
To the ocean go,
Yet the mighty ocean
Doth not overflow.

So in GOD's own Presence
There is perfect rest
For the loved disciple
Leaning on His breast,
For the tender infant
Newly sign'd and seal'd,
But to each in measure
Is GOD's love reveal'd.

GOD in bliss reposing
On His throne above,
Needed but Creation
To express His love.
Stars in radiant courses,
Flowers which deck the sod,
Needs must bear their witness
To the perfect GOD.

HOLY WATER.

“And because ye are sons, GOD hath sent the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father.”



IN the Name of GOD the Father,
 Who hath given to us His Son ;
 IN the Name of GOD the Saviour,
 Who for us Redemption won ;
 IN the Name of GOD the Spirit,
 By Whom we were born anew,
 Sign thee with the Holy Water,
 Symbol of Baptismal dew.

Who are we that we should venture
 In the Presence of our GOD ?
 Ah ! the right was purchased for us
 With the Saviour's precious Blood :
 And the Holy Spirit made us
 Heirs of Heaven, GOD's children dear.
 Glistening with the Holy Water,
 We approach Him without fear.

When we feel the world defiling
 On our robes hath left its stain,

And with shrinking awe scarce venture
To our Father's House again.
Then how sweet the thought consoling,
As the Water meets our eye,
We are children, though so erring,
And we may of right draw nigh.

For it tells of Blood and Water
Flowing from a wounded Side,
Where the children daily wash them
And are cleansed and sanctified.
All, engrafted into Jesus,
May their heavenly birthright claim,
The renewing of the Spirit,
When they plead Christ's blessed Name.

So we sign the Cross upon us,
Knowing GOD will grace impart;
And a yearning "Abba Father,"
Rises in our inmost heart,
As we thank Him for the blessings
In His Church so richly stored,
Earnests of the joys unending
In the Presence of the Lord.

THE WHOLE BURNT-OFFERING.

“And the Priest shall burn *all* on the altar. If there be any blemish therein thou shalt not sacrifice it unto the Lord thy GOD.”

MY child, give Me thy *heart*.” Dear Lord,
 I will,
 Take Thou my heart, yea, all my being
 fill ;

How can an earthly love the soul enthral
 Which once has heard Thy tender thrilling call,
 Give Me thy heart ?

“My child, give Me *thy* heart.” Yea, Lord, 'tis
 Thine,
 What I have offer'd is no longer mine ;
 Dost Thou within my soul some idol see,
 That Thou dost once again require from me
 My virgin heart ?

“My child, give *Me* thy heart.” Ah, Lord, I
 shrink,
 This bitter cup of woe I dare not drink ;

How can I yield my treasures at Thy call?
Lord, I would love Thee, but demand not all
My loving heart.

“My child, *give* Me thy heart.” Ah, must it be,
Oh, must I *give* my heart entire to Thee?
Will not a will resign’d Thy love content,
How can I offer Thee, all bruised and rent,
My bleeding heart?

“My *child*, give Me thy heart.” Wayward and
wild,
Sinful, rebellious, am I still Thy child?
My weary spirit seeks in vain for rest;
Oh, may I lay once more upon Thy Breast
My aching heart?

My child, give Me thy heart.” Dost call me
Thine,
Then, my Belovèd, be Thou wholly mine.
My soul is satisfied with naught but Thee,
Worthless the gift, but, oh, accept from me
All, all my heart.

PAYMENT OF TITHE.

“ Bring ye now the tithes into the storehouse, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.”



F Thou only wilt befriend me,
 Guide me wheresoe'er I go,
 Give me raiment, food, and shelter,
 Every needful help bestow :”

“ Bring me to my home in safety,
 Thou, O Lord, my God shalt be,
 And of all that Thou shalt give me,
 I will give the tenth to Thee.”

Lord, not thus would I address Thee,
 Thou hast bought me with Thy blood,
 And a Christian makes no bargain
 For his service with his God.

I would humbly kneel before Thee,
I would place my hands in Thine,
Vow to Thee eternal fealty,
All I have to Thee resign.

Nay ! my very life I owe Thee,
Nothing I my own can call,
And I own it freely, gladly,
When I pay Thee tithes of all.

Thou the royal tenth demandest,
That we may Thy Lordship own ;
When we fill with tithes Thy storehouse
Wide the doors of heaven are thrown.

Earth receives rich showers of blessing,
And obeys Thy voice Divine,
And her barns o'erflow with plenty,
And her presses burst with wine.

At Thy feet I lay my tribute,
Glad my fealty thus to prove ;
For no earthly boon I ask Thee,
Fill me with Thy royal love.

With full measure running over,
Let Thy heavenly grace descend,
Claim me as Thine own for ever,
Be my God, my Guide, my Friend.

Rich the blessing Thou impartest,
For a King the gift bestows ;
Lord, I have not room to hold it :
With Thy love my heart o'erflows.



DAILY DUTIES.

“Two shall be in one bed ; the one shall be taken, and the other left. Two shall be grinding at the mill ; the one shall be taken, and the other left.”



TWO maidens in one bed
Lie wrapp'd in slumber deep ;
One is caught up to meet her Lord,
And one is left to weep.

Two in the early morn
Are grinding at the mill ;
Christ taketh one, the other leaves
The duty to fulfil.

Two, like the saint of old,
Guide in the field the plough ;
A greater than Elijah casts
O'er one His mantle now.

Learn thus, oh Christian child,
To meet Christ in the air ;
It needeth not that thou be found
Upon thy knees in prayer.

Sleeping as His beloved,
Thy heart may wakeful be ;
Then joy if at the midnight hour
The Master calleth thee !

Look upward to Thy God,
Begin thy work with prayer ;
Do all thou hast, as unto Him,
With diligence and care.

Get strength to do His will
From sitting at His Feet,
And thou wilt render unto Him
Devotion true and sweet.

Let Christ's own blessed light
In thee reflected shine ;
Let all thy actions be attuned
To melodies divine.

Then fear not, Christian child,
Whate'er be thy employ,
Thou wilt be ready when He comes
To meet thy Lord with joy.



THE MEETING OF THE CHURCHES.

“In the beginning of your months ye shall blow with the trumpets over your burnt-offerings, and over the sacrifices of your peace-offerings, that they be to you for a memorial before the Lord your GOD.”



N the star-spangled heavens
The beauteous Queen of Night
Fulfil with joy her mission,
And gladdens Earth with light.

She wearies not, nor tarries,
Scarce is her journey done,
Ere the pale silver crescent
Tells of a race begun.

Of old the tribes of Israel,
At each fair moon's new birth,
Came before GOD with worship,
With feasting, and with mirth.

Though sacrifice was offer'd
Only at Salem's shrine,

Hymns for the Feasts.

And few save Priests and Levites
Were at the rites divine ;

Yet over all the offerings
The silver trumpets blew,
And God beheld the nation,
And bless'd it in the few.

Still the bright Moon unwearied
Pursues her blest employ,
And Christians now assemble
Before the Lord with joy.

With twelve cube stones, Elias
The Altar doth repair,
The tribes of God's true Israel
Are represented there.

The seven bright stars which Jesus
Still holds in His right Hand,
The Angels of the Churches,
Before the Altar stand.

And sevenfold congregations
In one are gather'd here,

That all the Church in symbol
Before GOD may appear.

The Spirit, through the Prophets,
Doth Jesu's mind reveal,
And in the twelve Apostles
Is seen Christ's living seal.

The sacrifice is offer'd
For Jesu's mystic Bride :
What GOD hath knit together
No mortal can divide.

Sweet strains of hope and triumph
Ascend to Heaven above ;
All breathes of peace and gladness,
The unity of love.¹

And thus we have the earnest
Christ's prayer fulfill'd will be :
" May they be one, O Father,
As I am one with Thee."

Oh for the swift fulfilment
Of that prevailing word !

¹ The silver trumpets were made of one whole piece.

That in the seamless garment
The Bride may meet her Lord.

Then will the rich anointing
Flow down from Christ the Head,
And leave its precious fragrance
Where'er the Bride shall tread.

The sharer of Christ's fulness
Will its revealer be,
Till all the world before Him,
Bend the adoring knee.

Fair as the Moon, and ever
Reflecting Light Divine,
The Church with dazzling radiance
Like to the Sun will shine.

When He, whose veiled beauty
Was all her life and light,
Shall in His sevenfold splendour
Burst on her ravish'd sight.

Who can express her rapture,
Her love adoring tell,

While Angels and Archangels
Her Alleluias swell !

And circles ever widening
Take up the wondrous strain,
“ Praise to our God for ever !
And to the Lamb once slain ! ”







